

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"Flowers, five cents a bunch!" This cry came from the pale, trembling lips of a maiden of 18 summers. It was on a crowded city street, and the heart was so intense that people were longing to be once more in the seclusion of their homes.

"I will take ten bunches," said a polite voice in her ear. She turned with a start. Ten bunches! She had not sold a bunch today. With deft fingers she selected the freshest and best bunches, and with a look of gratitude handed him the flowers.

Erla Seymons was a lovely girl, who did all in her power to help her feeble mother. Some days she sold flowers.

As Harold Nelson and the young lady with him (who was his sister) went on their way Nena remarked: "What a beautiful girl! What a pity she has to sell flowers on the street!"

Harold in his heart echoed her words. This was not the first time he had seen Erla Seymons.

And Erla forgot to cry. "Flowers, five cents a bunch!" She was standing idle, her brown eyes fixed on vacancy, thinking of what or whom? Thinking, unconsciously, of the young man whom she thought so kind.

That night in the library of the elegant mansion of the Nelsons Nena remarked: "Harold and I saw such a lovely girl; he was just smitten, and on a flower girl, too."

"Nena, don't talk in riddles, but tell me about it," said her mother, gently. Then Nena, in her light-hearted fashion, related their experience of the morning.

All through this recital the Hon. Frederick Nelson listened intently, but said nothing; he had also seen Erla, the flower girl, and remembered her.

The next day, as he was about to hail a car, his ear caught the sound of a voice saying, "flowers, five cents a bunch."

"That is the girl," he muttered, "she is the picture of Nena."

Why is this man talking to his manner? We shall have to turn back and read the past pages of the history of the present Hon. Frederick Nelson.

Years ago at college, he had for a room-mate a young man about his own age, named Leroy Seymons.

Leroy was a youth of steady habits and good character. They soon became fast friends and college chums.



"FLOWERS, FIVE CENTS A BUNCH."

But now something happened to cause a drifting apart of the two. At an entertainment given by the students they both met Nella Stanton. Unlucky day! Both met to love. One night in the secrecy of their room they agreed that each should do his best to win, and that neither should interfere with the other.

Nella favored Leroy and when he proposed was accepted. When Frederick was told by Leroy that he had been accepted the blow was hard, and nearly stunned him. Then, as he fully realized that Nella, whom he loved right unto madness, loved Leroy, his grief and rage knew no bounds.

He accused Leroy of treachery, saying he had not given him fair play. He ended by calling him a traitor to the holy bonds of friendship and saying he never wished to see his face again. Stunned by such treatment, Leroy uttered not a word, but, collecting his things, left the room.

From that day to this Frederick Nelson and Leroy Seymons had not looked into each other's faces. Shortly after Frederick read of the marriage of Leroy and Nella.

All this time Leroy and his young wife were living happily together in a distant city.

One year, two years, passed, and the couple were blessed with a beautiful little daughter, whom they named Erla.

She was the pride of their hearts; all their thoughts and plans were for her alone. One day a cruel blow fell upon the head of Nella. Leroy had been killed! O, the terrible anguish! But she would be brave for her baby girl's sake. After their money was gone Nella hired some cheap rooms and supported herself and Erla by her needle. And now she depended upon her daughter for support, as her fragile health prevented her from even this means of support. Meanwhile Frederick had married a refined girl named Lottie Ashley, who, after the first grief and disappointment passed away, he loved. His one desire now was to see his old friend again and ask his forgiveness. Instead of boarding the car he retraced his steps and walked to where Erla was standing.

"I will take the whole basket," he said in a businesslike tone. Erla could have fallen at his feet for gratitude. She had sold only two bunches all this morning, and now to sell the

whole basket, and mamma so much needed some little luxury, and now she would have it. Happy tears filled her lustrous eyes, and she said in a trembling voice: "O, sir, you are so kind!"

Not yet sure as to the correctness of the deal which had taken such possession of him, he asked in a low voice, in which the eagerness was hidden: "What is your name?" "My name is Erla Seymons, sir." This was the chance he had coveted; it was his time. "Erla Seymons!" he ejaculated in well-feigned surprise; "I used to know a man by the name of Leroy Seymons."

"That was my own dear father," replied Erla in a choking voice.

"Where is he now?" he asked in excitement which he could not suppress. "He is dead, sir." This was indeed hard when he thought himself so near his desire.

"And your mother?" he asked, with hesitation.

"She is feeble."

Two years have passed. Mrs. Seymons has regained her health and is living comfortably (thanks to her friend, Frederick Nelson). Erla is a lovely, talented maiden of 20.

There is soon to be a grand wedding. The happy couple are Harold Nelson and Erla Seymons.—Boston Post.

STAGE ILLUSIONS.

How Thunderstorms, Rain, Hail and Snow Are Imitated.

A curious part of stage illusion is that which may be comprehended under the term theatrical meteorology. Whatever may be the state of the weather outside, the stage manager within can bring about rain and hail, wind, or a thunderstorm at will, and the illusion is so complete as to sometimes make nervous men of the audience insensibly shudder. Hail and rain are represented by a used wooden cylinder about six feet long, which is obstructed inside by various cross pieces, a quart of peas completing the arrangement. By turning this cylinder first one way up and then the other the peas rattle through it with close imitation to the sound of heavy rain on a roof. The wind arrangement consists of a wheel about two feet in diameter, set in a frame like that of a grindstone. This wheel is furnished with ribs on its periphery somewhat like the floats of a waterwheel, and drawn tightly over the ribs is a piece of thick silk. When the wheel is turned the ribs rub against the silk, and by turning the handle first quickly and then slowly, a very good imitation of the howling of the wind is produced. Lightning may easily be imitated by using chemical or electrical means, and the usual mode of producing thunder is by shaking a large sheet of flexible iron plate. Some theaters have, however, a far more elaborate and effective thunder arrangement, which is used as an auxiliary to the sheet of iron when a storm is supposed to reach its height. This consists of a number of cannon balls held in a trough and allowed to fall at the right moment, and to run over a floor above the ceiling of the theater. A snow storm is brought about by a perforated revolving cylinder above the stage, charged with paper cuttings. Unfortunately, these messengers of frost have a habit of resting on all kinds of projections and dislodging themselves in subsequent scenes when their presence is not desirable. Chamber's Journal.

VOTED FOR JACKSON.

And Proposed to His Present Wife on the Same Day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Johnson of Union, N. J., celebrated their seventieth anniversary last week. The present partner of the centenarian's joy is not his first wife, since he was a widower with one child when in 1828, he married one day in November, with two errands to do. One was to vote for Andrew Jackson for president, a task most congenial to so ardent a democrat; the other was to propose to the girl on whom he had cast his eye as the second mother to his 2-year-old child. From that same eve, when she softly whispered yes, their life has been one long, uninterrupted succession of quiet pleasure. Few can boast of a second wife to have a seventy-fifth anniversary with. Eleven stalwart sons gathered around the wedding board, all in good situations, married and happy. The old gentleman himself still farms a forty-acre plot, and is as chipper as a young chipmunk. He reads up every case of old age that he can find, and is confident that man may live to be 150.

Holland's Young Queen.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands dislikes to be called "the little queen." She thinks the phrase reflects upon her kingdom, and she is 5 feet 11½ inches in height. The queen of Spain is 5 feet 5 2/5 inches; the empress of Russia, 5 feet 2½ inches; the empress of Germany and Queen Victoria, still smaller. Aside from her height, the young Dutch queen is also of the best build. Her 21½-inch waist measure and 42-inch bust gives an admirable proportion. Her powers of endurance were well tested on coronation day, when for six long hours she wore the ceremonial mantle of red velvet trimmed with ermine, a weight of not less than thirty pounds, and showed no marked symptoms of fatigue.

She Had the Last Word.

Mr. Hornbill—Do you know, darling, I could pick you out of a crowd of women just by your style? Mrs. Hornbill—I don't wonder, and me with this same old dress for the last two years!—Brooklyn Life.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAID AND MATRONS.

Some Current Notes of Fashion—A Ball Gown for a June Bride—A Summer Promenade Toilet—Sun Bonnets Are Now All the Rage.

Over a Little Bed at Night. Good-night, pretty sleepers of mine—I never shall see you again; Ah, never in shadow nor shine; Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

In your small dreaming-dresses of white, With the wild-bloom you gathered to-day In your quiet shut hands, from the light And the dark you will wander away.

Though no graves in the bed-haunted grass, And no love in the beautiful sky, Shall take you as yet, you will pass, With this kiss, through these tear-drops. Good-bye!

With less gold and more gloom in their hair, When the buds near have faded to flowers, These faces may wake here as fair—But older than yours are, by hours!

Good-night, then, lost darlings of mine—I never shall see you again; Ah, never in shadow nor shine; Ah, never in dew nor in rain!

Origin of Famous Fashions.

It is a singular fact in the history of fashions that not a few of the more famous of them owe their origin to the endeavor to conceal a personal defect or deformity of some distinguished leader of society. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. Full bottomed wigs were invented by an ingenious French barber for the purpose of concealing an unnatural protuberance on the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, fully two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, short hair at once became the fashion at his court. As a set-off to the examples quoted, we may note that, not to conceal, but to display, her charms, the beautiful Isabella of Bavaria, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered, in order to show the remarkable fairness of her skin.

Sun Bonnets the Rage.

Sun bonnets of every description are seen in the shops and exchanges, and there is no doubt that they are to be the rage. The average outdoor girl must possess at least half a dozen of these creations. In the country they are indispensable. Sometimes she fashions them herself, but this is no small task, and requires time and taste and skill.

Nothing could be more becoming and picturesque than some of the lovely combinations of muslin, lace and ribbon which are already shown. They are in plain colors, or flowered in bright or pale colors, to suit every taste. Some are soft and drooping, and others are made on stiffened forms. They have strings, or they have not, but the strings, if there, are unlikely ever to be tied. It would seem to indicate that the summer girl intends to pay some regard to her complexion and not go hatless in the sun, as she did last season.

Marketing to Cuba.

Probably one of the most peculiar customs noticeable in the Cuban markets is the extremely small purchases—small in quantity—made by the lower class of natives. Small gourd cups, holding scarcely more than a tablespoonful, are used in measuring rice, flour, beans and peas. Cabbages are cut in wedges the size of a cigar, turnips into eighths, squashes into minute shunks, and onions into halves. Potatoes are sold by numbers.

It is no uncommon thing to see a woman buy a piece of meat, weighing a couple of ounces, then pass through the market purchasing a tablespoonful of vegetables here and a piece of garlic there, and, finally, after an hour of gossip, depart with food products worth five or six cents.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bodice Trimmings.

Among the various odd effects produced on the modern bodices is the use of white pique with a coarse, heavy cord. This appears on the new foulards, the daintiest nun's veils and crepes de chine in a chemise, a wide collar, or an inner or second vest peeping out on either side of the front over a lace or embroidered satin vest and cut in scallops on the edge, finished with a full ruche of white chiffon. Scallop, by the way, are seen everywhere that an edge is presented which can be cut in scallops. It is a favorite mode of finishing the overdresses and the bottom of short jackets, and some of the ruffles are cut in scallops. You may have them deep or shallow, as you fancy, and trim them round with ruchings, insertions or knife-plaitings.

The "Roxane" Hat.

One of the smartest types of hat is covered on brim, inside out, and to the tip-top of the crown, with rows on rows of lace. Just about June the lace hat, which in Paris is called the "Roxane," will begin to make its influence felt. Any woman who knows anything of style and dainty needlework can make her own Roxane by buying a becoming shape of white wire, covered with coarse muslin, and on to this

PROMENADE TOILET.



A dainty spring-like air pervades the charming toilet which is here shown, made of green and white figured India silk, a removable stock of velvet in a deeper shade of green, and a green leather belt fastened with a fancy buckle being natty accessories. The shirt waist displays a pointed yoke that is applied on the back, which is plaited at the waist line. The fullness at the top of the fronts is laid in narrow box plaits, box plaited effects being in high favor this spring. Link cuffs with rounding corners complete the sleeves.

frilling deep cream Mechlin that comes at 15 and 20 cents a yard by way of bargain counter. All she need do when the hat becomes a fluffy mass of lace frills is to wreath pale pink or mauve carnations, with bows of black velvet ribbon, round the crown; in such an inexpensive piece of headgear she is fit to appear before a queen.

A June Bride's Gown.

Whatever else can be said in favor of summer bridal gowns, it cannot be truthfully asserted that they are inexpensive. The idea is to have them as ethereal and fairylike as possible, and this means a small fortune. In a marvelously beautiful bridal gown designed for a Newport heiress the tradition-



al saying, "Something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue" is originally carried out.

The gown consists of an overdress of fine organdie, so delicate that it looks like a mist. This is worn over a lining of thin silk which is itself lined with Oriental blue silk. The organdie and white silk being partly transparent, the blue casts a tint to the gown that is indescribable. The front of the skirt is embroidered with white ribbon, while the sides and back are covered with vertical ruffles of narrow, Valenciennes lace. The bodice has a yoke of gurgule from which turn back revers trimmed with lace ruffles. The belt is of white ribbon and fastens invisibly at the back without loops or ends.

Buckles and Buttons.

Large buckles are placed on bodices of evening gowns and also hold up

Decidedly original are the lines of the skirt, which is of circular shaping. The novel feature of the mode is the rippling circular ruffle that outlines an oval panel at each side. The fullness at the back is folded in an under box plait. One of the fancy lace cravats or scarfs may replace the stock of the shirt waist, which may be made of silk, stock woolens or washable fabrics. A neat device for a skirt of novelty goods made up by the mode is to line the ruffles with plain silk of some contrasting shade. The jaunty hat is picturesquely and becomingly trimmed.

tulle draperies. Some are square, while others are heart-shaped, and they are chiefly of gold, dull-finished silver, diamonds or steel. Tortoise shell ornaments are extensively used for the decoration of cloth costumes. Small gold buttons are much used by French attelers on toilets of ceremony, built of lace, net, mousseline de soie, crepe de chine and silk. Crystal buttons are very fashionable and steel embroideries are employed to decorate white lace, tulle and cloth costumes.

COOKING DEPARTMENT.

Baked Fish.

Cod, shad, haddock, bluefish, whitefish or small salmon are all suitable for baking and should be carefully cleaned without removing head or tail. Rub the inside with salt and pepper and fill with a stuffing made of a cupful of cracker crumbs, a teaspoonful of minced onion, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a tablespoonful of finely chopped salt pork, a teaspoonful of minced cucumber pickle, half a salt-spoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of melted butter and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Sow up the fish, salt and pepper the outside, and place it in a pan with slices of pork beneath and above it. Cook for a little while without water, then add a little and taste frequently.

A Breakfast Relish.

An excellent breakfast relish cooked in the chafing dish or in a spider is bread sauce. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the blazer, and when hot lay in two rather thick slices of bread, dipped in beaten egg, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of milk. Brown on both sides, remove and put in the pan two tablespoonfuls of chopped ham, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a half cup of cream. Season with a dash of cayenne, mix together and when hot spread on toast.

Orange Cream Pie.

Beat thoroughly yolks of two eggs, with one half cup of sugar; add one large tablespoonful of flour, one small tablespoonful corn starch dissolved in milk; pour into one pint of boiling milk and let cook about three minutes; flavor with extract of orange and pour into baked crust, beat the whites to a stiff froth, add one half cup of sugar, flavor with extract of orange, spread on top, put in oven and let slightly brown.

Sauer for Roast Pot.

To one pint of milk add half a cup of grated bread crumbs, one small onion, with six cloves stuck in it, half a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of cayenne. Cook for an hour; remove the onion, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and beat thoroughly.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glib and Fronto Original and Selected—Fitsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

His Parting Shot.

Tufford Knutt pulled off his fatigues hat, coughed mournfully, and said: "Ma'am, if it isn't asking too much—"

"Certainly," interrupted the woman who had answered his knock as she handed him a one-cent piece and shut the kitchen door in his face.

The mouldy old vagabond looked at the coin, put it in his pocket, and then spoke his mind through the keyhole: "I know wot you are, ma'am. You're a anti-expansionist!"—Chicago Tribune.

An Unpleasant Prospect.



Prospective Lodger—The main thing is that I get a room in a quiet house. Landlady—Oh, this is a quiet house, sir! In the next room a single lodger, and if it were not quiet he couldn't practice all day long as he does now.—Lustige Blaetter.

The Difference.

"So you went into the stock market yesterday and made several thousand dollars?" said the young man's uncle. "Yes, sir."

"That shows how one may, with proper pluck and promptness, succeed if he will only take advantage of his opportunities."

"But I lost that and several thousand more today."

"Young man, how often have I told you that such transactions are merely gambling, and that you are bound to come to grief, sooner or later, if you dabble in them?"—Washington Star.

One Less a Year.

"Why, grandpa, you used to say that you killed six Indians with one shot; then you cut it down to five; now you say it was four."

"Well, well, my child, I suppose that's because my memory's fallin' a little every year."

Another Point of View.

"This really pains me, Willie," said the old gentleman as he picked the boy up and laid him across his knee. "Well," replied the boy, resignedly, "at least I've never been fool enough to deliberately hurt myself."—Chicago Post.

Progressive.

"This army scandal appears to be going from bad to worse."

"That's so. I didn't think there could be anything more objectionable than General Kagan's beef till I heard his language."—Washington Star.

Those Philippine Names.

Some are coughed and some are sneezed.

And some are hoarsely rolled; But Pasig is the best of all.

For him who hath a cold. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had Anticipated Him.

Bronson—I suppose after winning the case you invited your lawyer to take something?

Johnson—No; it was unnecessary. He had already helped himself to most of my possessions.

Cheerful Idiot.

"The bell," said the proxy boarder, "has almost superseded the knocker." "And that is the reason," said the Cheerful Idiot, "why it is a knocker."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sorry.



Scribble—So sorry I've none of my work to show you. Fast is, I've just sent all my pictures to the academy. Mrs. Macmillions—What a pity! I did so much want to see them. How soon do you expect them back?—Punch.

New Fowl in the Lake City.

So many popular plays were originally written by Chicago people of whom the public knows nothing that it is unsafe for an actor to go there with a play written since the time of Sheridan.—New Orleans Picayune.